



JOHN O'DWYER—A—GLANA

One morning as I started,
From the house of Morpheus,
The hounds & trumpe. rattle,
Which caused the earth to quake;
The green bird & the badger,
Stood a royal battle,
And Rynard in the forrest,
So sporting'y did play,
The huntsman in distraction,
Viewing the plains of hunting,
By the game adopted,
To each sporting train,
For It's home we'll steer in sorrow,
For royalty is banished,
And John my dear you're coming,
De'nded of your game,

When first I saw dear Anne,
She struck my heart with rapture,
Being placed upon a sofa,
In the merry month of May,
And while we stood astonished,
Viewing this charming goddess,
Her golden locks lay hanging,
Down on her lovely waist

By the glances of this object,
The greatest style demolished,
She spoke to me as follows,
Saying lay aside all care,
So relent & take compassion,
On lovely young dear Anne,
I would think myself quite happy,
If she call'd me her slave

The blackbirds & the thrushes
Warbling among the bushes,
The hightinga'e & linnet,
Sung sweetly in the grove,
The wood cock in the forest,
The lark along the valley,
And lovely young dear Anne
Joined them in their choir.

How elegant do the fishes,
Swim along the river,
The wild duck & pigeon,
So merrily do rove,
But not rejoiced full hearty,
For none but lovely Anne,
She took her for a gondess,
Baded by the rose.

As I walked forth in sorrow
Down by the valley,
I saw lovely young dear Anne
Sitting by a stream—
My eyes began to dazzle,
Concealed with thoughts relapsing,
I then took off my hat,
And accosted this fair dame,

My joys were great in short
When smilingly she asked—
Young man you seem a stranger
Pray from whence you came.
I'm r Galway man by ex traction,
Bred in Conn. mare,
And John O'Dwyer a-G'ana,
They call me by name,